Numb. 82.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, Auguſt 22, 1682.

Earn. ONce again we are met, honeſt merry Brother; but the Cauſe is ſo batter'd, its Friends and Aſſertors ſo feeble and out of heart, and their Plots and Carryings-on ſo manifeſtly laid open and exploded, that the generous and loyal *Nobs* that at this time wages War with them does now rather triumph than fight; ſo that I am reſolv'd to take a little pleaſure, and for ſome ſmall time to lay down.

Jeſt. Lay down, d'ye ſay? Why if we ſhould lay down, I dare undertake the Tubſters would appoint a ſolemn day of Thankſgiving among themſelves upon that occaſion; and all the Whigs would dance and leap and cry out, *The Devil's Dead*; and play their Pranks after that as much without Fear, as they have always done without Wit.

Earn. Indeed it muſt be acknowledged, that they who fear God and the King leaſt, have reaſon to fear the Devil moſt; and I may be permitted to think that ſome men have been kept from very undutiful extravagancies more out of dread of a Yerk from *Heraclitus*, than of all the Penalties in the Statute-Book; becauſe a poro-blind Jury may be a Screen againſt the one, but there's no fence againſt t'other. But it will not be decent for us to magnifie our ſelves, or boaſt of our own Feats of Proweſs and Chivalry; the Turk and the two Popes may ſtand, tho' we ſhould not fall. Prethee let us enter into a fair Debate whether we ought not for the time to come diſcourſe more privately, than to talk ſo loud as that any Eves-dropping Short-hand-man may take notes after us, and carry 'em to a Printer.

Jeſt. Agreed. And I think it will be a proper way of deciding the Controverſie, for me to ſuggeſt the moſt occurring and probable Conjectures and Cenſures that may be made upon the matter, and leave you to ſay what you can to 'em; and between both we ſhall poſſibly reſolve upon the Queſtion.

Earn. Only diſtinguiſh as you go along between what is likely to be ſaid by the *Whigs*, and what by the *Honeſt-Men*.

Jeſt. A very pretty novel Diſtinction that of yours; and for the deſire I have of an Union among Proteſtants, I wiſh it were not true; tho' I fear it divides, *i. e.* comprehends the greateſt part of the Nation. However I comply with you, and firſt the *Whigs* will ſay, that we are moſt confoundedly, moſt deviliſhly, moſt damnably (for theſe bloody words, I'le aſſure you, are lately naturaliz'd among the Sober Party) and moſt wretchedly *Barren*; our Stock of Trumpery is ſpent; a Judgment is befallen us for abuſing the word *TAP*, and we can run no longer; nay ſome of the more ſhrewd and witty among 'em will be apt, with a notable ſignificant Leer, to cry out, that we are come to the end of our Rope, and that, you know, is being half hang'd. Beſides——

Earn. Nay prethee, Brother, be'nt too forward in giving them forms of abuſing us, (tho' I know they are great Objects of Compaſſion in that reſpect too.) To the ſenſe of what you have ſaid, I anſwer, that the villanous Practices of the Faction are ſo often ſo palpably repeated, that I can never want plentiful Arguments of ſevere Cenſure.

Jeſt. And they have ſuch an odd Felicity of being extraordinary Fops; they go big with ſuch a Fecundity of Follies; their Actions are ſuch an inexhauſtible ſubject of Ridicule, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for a man of my ſanguine Complexion not to carry on my part in the Dialogue.

Earn. This Objection then is ſufficiently Anſwer'd. Proceed.

Jeſt. In the next place 'twill be ſaid, we are *Afraid* of continuing our Diſcourſe any longer; we have reflected upon *A. B.* and *C. D.* upon Sir *R. G.* and Sir *T. F.* and have carried on our quarrel through the whole Alphabet, and now the Letters are ready to conſpire and form themſelves into an Information againſt us; and we acknowledge our guilt by flying for the ſame.

Earn. The truth is, thoſe Letters artificially joy'nd, or, if I may ſo ſay, conventicled together, may call us a thouſand Rogues and Raſcals; but let any man in *England* accuſe us of

of any one Slander or Forgery, I dare be bold to join iſſue with him; and if the Miller of *Hiſlemere*, *Thomas Hall* in words at length, be convicted of ſaying, That King *Charles* the Firſt was juſtly put to death for leaving his Parliament, I think that to ſay in Cipher, *T. H.* was ſo convicted, is a Complement; and that not only ſuch an Inſect as he, but the greateſt Elephant of all the Party ought in the like caſe to thank us for it.

Jeſt. Yes, yes, I own that you have been always ſage and wary, but it's dangerous to keep bad Company; if my head were off, what would be upon your Shoulders? Pray give me leave to recollect my ſhare of the Diſcourſe. Suppoſe that the *D.* of *M.* which I have ſometime mention'd, ſhould be interpreted the *Devil of Midnight*, then muſt my houſe be haunted; or if by the *E.* of *S.* which I have ſo often talk'd of ſhould be meant the *Elixir* of *Serpents*, then muſt I be cram'd with Antidotes; but now I think on't, I don't remember, that, as merry a fellow as I have been, I ever tranſgreſt the Rules of Decency; I never *Poor-Robin'd* it, I never faſten'd upon any notorious Servant of the City, the Name of Sir *Thomas Creſwel*, upon the ſcore of any private Immoralities; nor upon the ſcore of any Domeſtick Misfortunes have call'd a Worſhipful Neighbour Sir *William Coo-ckold*.

Earn. You ſay well; they have been only known Offenders againſt the Government, as ſuch, whom we have expoſed, and forced to ſtand corrected; and therefore Truth and Loyalty will be our Shield and Buckler. Our Fears and Jealouſies being thus diſperſt, go on to the next Suggeſtion.

Jeſt. Why, they'l ſay, we have ruin'd and *Baxter'd* the Book-ſeller; we have ſunk the Ship in St. *Paul's* Churchyard; our Papers would not bear their own charges, nor could be kept up but with diſadvantage to the Publiſher.

Earn. That *Ben. Tooke* is beſt able to anſwer; and I am confident that with as good a Conſcience as any Juror has carried to the *Old-Bailey* theſe two years, he'l avow that we were never in the leaſt Mercenary, and that 'tis againſt his mind that we now lay down.

Jeſt. I ſuppoſe you expect ſomething further; and in troth I queſtion not but that the more malevolent ſort of the Party will be at your heels with full Cry, that our Saucineſs and Inſolence (as they'l call it) and diſregard to all ſorts of perſons however dignified or diſtinguiſht Offenders they have been, may have given juſt reaſon to Authority to ſuppreſs us, and ſo our Pens are ſnatch'd out of our hands, and we bid go to ſleep.

Earn. This is all Saran; and would be nothing but Malice and nothing but Lie; and under that name let it go.

Both. Then let the World know, that

The Author hereof did at firſt take up this way of Scribling purely out of a Senſe of Duty and Loyalty, at a time when both were ſhock'd and well-nigh over-turn'd by the Outrage and Intemperance of a reſtleſs and daring Faction; and that he had not one private End, nor ever endeavour'd by it to anſwer any ſuch, for which his induſtrious keeping himſelf unknown may be a ſufficient Argument, wherein he has had ſuch a Felicity (notwithſtanding all the Conjectures that have been made of him) as that he is not more publickly known than the Author of the Whole Duty of Man. *He profeſſes beſide that he lays it not down upon any of the Reaſons objected and anſwered above; but that he does intend ſo ſoon as he ſhall from the Inſolence of our Enemies be provok'd, to reſume his Province of laſhing a wanton and diſloyal World; and in the mean time will not be negligent in obſerving and laying up what ſhall occur to his purpoſe.*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

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